

Woman and the Home

Little Helps

Face cloths made of three thicknesses of mosquito netting are very satisfactory, especially for traveling. They keep white and dry quickly. A good finish for the edge is made by crocheting a small scallop in white, pink or blue silk.

I have found that in making traveling cases to hold toilet articles, such as brush, comb, toothbrush, and cases for other things, like rubber overshoes, it is better to stitch the rubber lining separately. Then when you wish to wash or iron the case, slip out the rubber case and you can iron the outside when it would be impossible to do so with the rubber lining.

"I've triumphed over these rubber men at last," declared a business girl. "I used to wear out three or four pairs of rubbers in a season until I learned to have a lift of leather (one thickness) put on the inside of the heel and another on the outside, to which was fastened the regulation heel plate. The cobbler will do the work for ten cents, and this lengthens the life of the rubbers so much that now I need only one pair a season."

Every mother of a small son knows how well-nigh impossible it is to keep a bandage on his finger. Also, how frequently little boys' fingers are in need of bandaging. Before throwing away old kid gloves cut off the good fingers for "finger stalls" for the boy. Cut the under side short, but let the top run back to the wrist of the glove; then split this strip to form straps to fasten around the child's wrist with a small safety pin. These stalls will be quite large enough to cover the bandaged finger of a small child and will save endless time and worry. For larger children use fingers from a man's glove.

A Daughter's Story

When it was proposed that George and I should go to his parents place to live after our marriage, it was I who demurred. I liked his father and mother, but — I wanted a home of my own. They urged our coming. Finally, to please them, I consented. Do you know, I had not been there a week before I knew that it was all a mistake. We should not have been cajoled and coaxed into coming. In the first place George's mother, in some respects the dearest, kindest hearted woman in the world, was, decidedly "cluttery." I, by nature and the teaching of a very neat mother, had an abhorrence of seeing things thrown around and I seemed to be picking up and putting away all the time. Mother Thompson didn't seem to care. She would laugh and say good naturedly: "Mary has a steady job," and then throw down her garments right on the parlor lounge or piano, if it chanced to be the handiest.

Then Father Thompson had a dreadful habit of chewing tobacco and spitting. I used to feel actually sick at times, yet, was it not his own home? How could I object, I, who had no legal right there and then, besides, he was so pleasant and always ready to do the chores and let George and I go away, how could I find fault with a life, long habit that, probably, had never been criticized and of whose nastiness he had no conception?

George was very good to me and I hated to complain to him of his own father and mother, especially when they were more than generous in the matter of division of the profits of the farm.

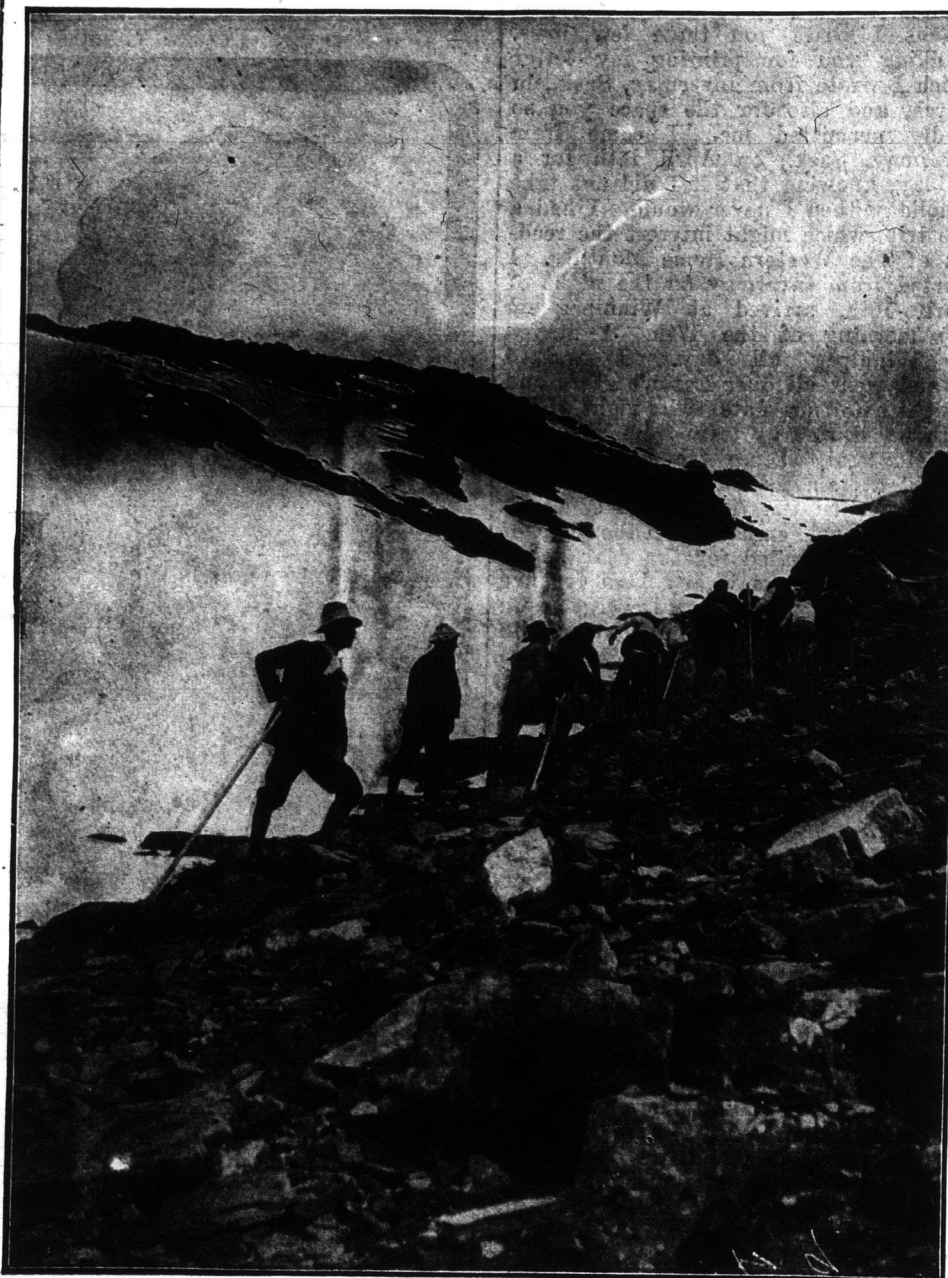
But somehow, I felt as if I had no home, was, in truth, a sort of "pilgrim and stranger."

One day a lovely spring Sunday, I suddenly thought of a way out, a possible way out, if all hands would agree.

There was on the place a house that had been intended for a hired man and his family. It contained, for I had examined it thoroughly, five rooms, one very small, and it was much out of repair and needed a coat of paint very badly. But, in my mind, I saw this little house renovated and set in order and George and I living in it, in our own dear little home. I spoke to

him about it. At first he thought that, after the spaciousness of the big house I would be discontented with this smaller abode. Then, as I kept talking about it, he, too, became enthusiastic. We rather disliked speaking to the old folks about our desire, for fear they would think us very ungrateful, but, do you know they metaphorically as it were, jumped at it and I learned then, for the first time, that they, too, had been putting up with us as much as we had with them.

I heard Mother Thompson say to her husband: "I wouldn't have said one word, not if they'd stayed here forty-seven years, but I think it's a mighty good thing that George has such a sensible wife. I'm tired of being picked up all the time. Mary



Commencing a Mountain Climb in the Canadian Rockies

is so awful neat that I never know where anything is of mine any more and I have felt as if I was out somewhere visiting for a long time."

Then the dear, generous creatures fell to planning what they should give us to start to home-making with, and I guess they'd have stripped the house if we'd have let them. Now we're both contented. George and I have our own dear little home and the old folks have theirs, yet we are near enough to be helpful and handy, and we never have had and never shall have, a quarrel. Perhaps we never should, even with our varying tastes, if I had stayed at the big house, but none of us were really contented and now we all are. So, perhaps, my way may help solve the problem that is to-day destroying the harmony of so many households and keeping them from being homes.

Drives Asthma Like Magic. The immediate relief from Dr. J. D. Kellogg's Asthma Remedy is like magic. Nevertheless it is only a remedy used in a natural way. The small inhalator, reaching the most remote passages of the affected tubes, brushes aside the trouble and opens a way for fresh air to enter. It is sold by dealers throughout the land.

Training Boys to Cook

If any mother is perfectly certain that her boys are to spend all their lives in town, and if she is also certain that every emergency will find them amply supplied with money so that they can afford to buy cooked food or patronize restaurants perhaps she can feel easy about not teaching them to cook; but even then there are occasions when all manly men wish they had been trained to prepare a few dishes in their mother's kitchens. With domestic helpers so very scarce on the farms, it is not to be wondered at that many farmers' wives are teaching the boys to cook and to insist that cooking shall include dishwashing and cleaning up when they are done.

It isn't easy to persuade boys to like cooking unless there are some extra inducements to offer. Most boys think it looks "sissy" to putter about a kitchen; but once they are convinced that many good times go with a knowledge of cooking, they are not so hard to catch. One mother craftily helped to build a small furnace in the back yard where the boys could fry

If there are any of these in the home they should not be forgotten on "packing up" day. The rainy day—remember.

A pressed flower album is often of great interest to boys and girls. A large book should be taken along, in which the flowers may be pressed. Besides the pressing book, another book should be ready for the mounting of the flowers. This mounting book should have pure white drawing paper in it. The flowers will appear better on pure white paper. A tiny bit of mucilage will easily hold the flowers in place. The rainy day is a good time to look after this pressed flower album.

Not one person in ten ever will forget the times when they used to play school. Twentieth century children have seemingly inherited the liking for it, for in nearly every neighborhood every summer there are usually to be found a bevy of children forever playing the old old game that Socrates no doubt played in the long ago before he grew so wise. This game is an ideal one for the rainy day at the resort. The pleasure is heightened if a small moveable blackboard is provided, together with chalk and erasers for the little teacher. A box or two of crayons will not come in amiss, while plasticine, the very sound of which smacks of kindergarten days, always pleases little folks.

It is a wise idea also to have with you weaving paper of many colors. Colored squares of paper will suggest drinking cups and pianos which the childish hands are so apt in making.

Sewing cards also seem to attract many children. Three or four dozen of these cards will be none too many. Then tuck in as many spools of mercerized silk as you wish, together with a package of sewing card needles. The advantage in using these kind of needles lies in the fact that they are pointless and hence safer for the tiny seamstress. Little girls who have passed the doll stage and are yet too little to read to any advantage, will find sewing and embroidery very fascinating, especially if beautiful pieces of cotton, wool and silk are provided in a dainty work box.

With these amusements inside, the children will forget the dashing of the waves and the screaming of the wind-tossed sea gulls. At candle lighting time a happy group of youngsters will all agree that a rainy day is a happy day when mother takes that same day by the forelock.

Mother Hunger

If only I could find her—for the mother-hunger's on me;
I want to see and touch her, to know her close beside;
I want to put my head in the hollow of her shoulder,
I want to feel her love me as she did before she died.

In all the world is nothing, love of husband or of children,
In all the world is nothing that can soothe me or can stir
Like the memory of her fragile hand on which the ring was slipping—
The hand that wakes my longing at the very thought of her.

The window in the sunshine and the empty chair beside it,
The loneliness that mocks me as I find the sacred place!
O mother, is there naught in the unerring speech of silence
To let me know your presence, tho' I cannot see your face?

Thank God that I have had you—that we held each other closer,
As women and as sisters and as souls that claimed their own;
Than any tie of blood could bind; and now my heart is bleeding,
My heart is bleeding, mother, and yours is turned to stone

O, no, I've not forgotten the triumph and the glory—
I would not bring you back again to struggle and to pain
This hour will pass; but O, just now, the mother-hunger's on me,
And I would give my soul to-night to kiss your hair again.
—H., in "Good Housekeeping."

Taking the Rainy Day by the Forelock

By G. Wolfe, Simpson, Sask.

Even at the liveliest of summer resorts "Some days must be dark and dreary; some days the rain must fall." It is then that the dearest of children will droop, whine and eventually spoil your day. Happy is the woman who not only takes the rainy day by the forelock, but who also solves its problems before she flits to her summer home.

Among the many of our people's amusements, none seem more heartily liked than carrom, croquet and other board